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A
WORD in due SEASON
TO THE
Ranting Royallists,
AND
Rigid Presbyterians, &c.

*By a Person wholly Disinterested in any of the
late, or present Factions.*



Printed, In the Year, 1660.

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WORD in the SEASON

TO THE

Rancho Royall

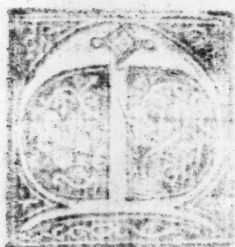
1885, May 29,

Gift of the Heirs of

GEORGE TICKNOR.

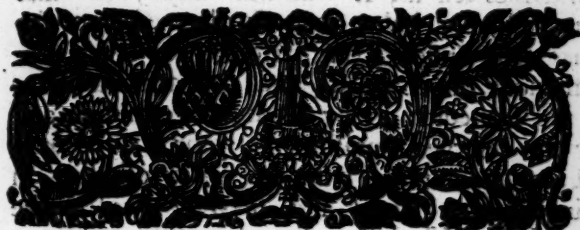
Rigid Presbyterian, &c.

By a person who is a member of the
Lancashire Association.



Printed, in the Year, 1885.

And : suppose this now, with all the same
 and : suppose this now, with all the same



A
 W O R D in due S E A S O N
 TO THE
 Ranting Royallists,
 AND
 Rigid Presbyterians, &c.

Gentlemen,

IT is too manifest, That, in the first
 Warre, some of you (I mean the
 Outragious Royallists) did more pre-
 judice the K I N G your Master, then
 the Swords of his Enemies ; many of you brought

more Scandall on Him, then their tongues ; And as Divines tell us, It was not only *Judas* that Betrayed, nor *Pilate* that Condemned, nor the *Jews* that Buffeted our Saviour, but every presumptuous sinner acted, and still acts his Part, in the Tragedie : so by Gods just Permission, and for our deserved Punishment, your *Exorbitances* (I fear) conspired with the *malice* of others, in bringing that *sacred* and *innocent* head to the Scaffold : What an *odium* brought you upon his Actions ? What a *jealousie* upon his Counsels ? Nay, what *contempt* upon his Person and Authority ? The worst of their Proceedings from thence received, (I will not say, *Justice*) nor scarce Colour ; but sure I am, that what pretence they had, they borrowed of you : Otherwise, his *Innocency* fighting with Armes (Charity binds me to believe in his judgement) purely *defensive*, and with frequent *Sollicitations* pursuing Peace, would either have prevailed with the Parliament for an Accommodation, or left them generally condemned, as *malicious Contrivers*, and *obstinate Continuers* of the *W.A.R.*, whereby most of the *good people* of *England*, but especially of *London*, and the *Associated Countiees*, would soon have been undeceived, as they have since been by late and wofull experience ; for it is well known, that many (then) the *fiercest Zealors* for our *unhappy Reformation*, never hated the Person of their *SOVERAIGN*, nor envied his just Power, but *sincerely* loved him, and *heartily* embraced his Government ; yet being first terrified
by

by your threats, and exasperated with your Provocations, were, afterwards, by their *factions Teachers* and *Ringleaders*, too easily cheated of their *Loyalty*, and led captive, as it were, into *meer Sedition*, under the specious (but stale) pretence of removing evill Counsellours, and rescuing his Majesties Authority and Person (as they were told) out of the hands of a desperate Crew, which abused his goodness and facility: The truth whereof, doth since evidently appear, by their *frank confession*, *heartly contrition*, and late most *effectual endeavours*, with *sober* and *generous Actions*, to cancel the *memory* of their *former errors*, and satisfie the World (at least the judicious) they never sinned *presumptuously*; for *insolent* and *malicious Treason* commonly fetters the soul, and ends in the gangrene of a despairing and implacable *Guilt*; whereas, their desire to trust that Prince, whom once they disoblighd, savours, though of much Error at first, yet now of more Ingenuity, and must be construed to proceed only from such soundness of heart, and clearness of spirit, as by good men ought to be highly cherished; and, perhaps, far better esteemed, then the meer ostentation of perseverance in *pretended Loyalty*, but *real Animosity*: Wherefore, Gentlemen, in true friendship to you, (whom I would willingly, in part, excuse, upon the score of your great Suffering, and Oppression, which transports even wise men) but especially, in zeal of his service, whom we all profess equally to desire, give me leave without offence, a little to expostulate with you.

Do you think it a small matter, That after a long *consumption* of our *blood* and *spirits* in a *civil War*, or a *Peace*, more *hostile* then it, God hath, at length, miraculously afforded us a possibility of *Settlement*? That after a *redious* night of *Egyptian* darkness and bondage, God hath given you a *glimpse*, and indeed as yet, but a *glimpse* of hope, That you, as *Englishmen*, may in due time, with others, enjoy your birthright, (*viz.*) an Equal Protection and Benefit of the Law; and will nothing, now, already, content you but *absolute Dominion*, and to have all things prostrate at your feet? Is this a fitting return of *thankfulness* to God, for your deliverance begun, or a probable means of prevailing with him, to continue and perfect his mighty worke? Have you so soon forgotten your Sequestrations, Prisons, and Scaffolds? Can you remember no sins of yours, that entitled you to those Punishments, or might modestly oblige you, at least to confess the justice of God, in the injustice of Men; but must all your sufferings be imputed to meer *supererogation* and *glorious Martyrdom*? Was it a Crime, unpardonable, in your Adversaries, as you pretend, to rebel, though many of them transgressed, more out of ignorance, then contempt of their Duty; and is it no fault in you, who glory in being so *Orthodox*, to breath out Violence, cherish your lusts, and steep your souls in Revenge? Are you of the Nature of those Elements, which, in our Proverbial dialect, are *good servants, but ill Masters*, and which, if not confin'd, will drown and devoure all? Were you fa- tally

ally design'd either to be *Slaves*, or *Tyrants*, *Gibeonites*, or *Bashawes*? Are you like those in *Babylam*, not to be ramed but with hunger and stripes? Can you imagine, the lofty pretences of a Party, which hath been so often foyled, so long suppress'd, so much suspected, will consist with the satisfaction of others more considerable, the *Settlement* of the *Nation*, the *Exigence* of *Affairs*? Or can you ever hope to carry it with a high hand by your silly *Rhodomontado's*? Hath not *experience* yet made you sensible, That the People of this Nation, having tasted the *forbidden fruit*, are now become *sinfully wise*; That their eyes being indeed opened, but withall their natures vitiated, and wils depraved, they are quite fallen from their *primitive innocency*, so as I fear, the *KING*, if restored, must buckle to inconveniences, and Reign, at least, for some time, rather as a *Probationer* than a *Prince*? Were not some of you drinking your late *Masters* health, whilst his Cause, nay, perhaps, himself was bleeding his last? Have not you since served his Son, much at the same rate, and with like success? Will you never learn to govern your *Passions*, to allay your *Cups*, or turn, if not truly *Virtuous*, yet ordinarily *Discreet*, so, at least, as not to fall miserably into the *Pitty* of your *Friends*, the *Scorn* of your *Enemies*, and *Obloquie* of the *People*: That a *Righteous cause* may no more be blasted with your *Scandals*, Good men branded for your *Licentiousness*, and the sober and numerous *Royal Party* (which certainly hath no Peer for constancy, justice, and modesty) decimated, as it were,
again

again in its reputation, for the Enormities, of a few
 (that being God be thanked your number)
 Do you not know, how the KING disownes you,
 the People dislike you, your Friends blush for you,
 and the Enemies of our quiet now make use of
 your exorbitances or treacheries (a belief of the
 latter your irrational Rantings extort from me) to
 obstruct a *lawfull and happy Settlement*. And if
 (which God in mercy prevent) now in this great
Crysis of our hopes, and fears, through your folly and
 frenzie (I wish I could forbear to say, some of your
 falshood) the hands of true *Englishmen* should
 be weakned, the Factions exasperated, the jealous
 alarm'd (though fallly) the tender sprouts of Loyalty
 nipped and discouraged, so that our hopes and en-
 deavours should prove abortive, and your poor
 Countrey return to its thralldom, would not the
 present Age and Posterity, have cause to curse you,
 more then any of our late Tyrants and Taskma-
 sters ? And who indeed would then, be accounted
 such Traytors, and firebrands, as you ? However,
 think seriously, if you can, whether (you persisting)
 the Nation (now enclin'd to vomiting) will not
 spue you out amongst the Phanaticks, as a morsel,
 which if it were swallowed, can never be digested,
 but must oppress nature, putrifie in the stomach,
 and poyson the blond ; in fine, a meer Faction, and
 an Extreme, no less nauseous and dangerous, then
 the *Rump* it self.

your scandalous Good men (and the sober and moderate)
 Party (which certainly hath no Part in your
 And Justice, and modesty) dominated, as it were,

AND you my good Friends of the *Presbyterian* Party, know, that you are generally distinguished into Two *Classes*, (viz.) *Moderate* and *Rigid*. You of the First rank are by all sober men acknowledged, now, to be of the best sort of *English-men*, not differing (materially at least) from the *Moderate Royallist*; Generous Assertors of our Liberties, stout Oppugners of encroaching (and consequently) Maintainers of Just Prerogative; above all, you are considered as Persons, that will modestly *acquiesce* in Freedom of Parliament, the only Cure proper to our Distempers. For we suppose your Moderation, which to you was naturall, cannot but be greatly improved, by your Experience, since many, even the Principall of you, having been for your Loyalty, and Temper, forcibly excluded from the Government, more then Eleven years, have, thereby, had leisure to reflect on Errors, to observe passages, and to design Expedients, without the Partiality of Gamesters; Great reason therefore, we have, to promise our selves, That you, who have not only, with others, seen, and felt the fatal consequences of the Swords interposing in our Laws, but more signally, in your own Persons, suffered those memorable insolencies and indignities from *Red-coats*, will be for ever most tenderly concerned for the honour of *Parliaments*, and careful never to encourage, much lesse (under any pretence, how specious soever) your selves to practice that Violence, which you have

so justly and notably branded in others, when exercised on you; And this honest Principle, wherein the *Sober Royallists* shake hands with you, I take for the only basis, upon which, we can, possibly be settled.

But for you, of the other sort, (*viz.*) The Violent and Rigid, I must tell you Plainly; You are esteemed, but a kinde of *Franticks*, and very *paltry ones*; In your Policy, Pedantick, in your Justice, Narrow and Mechanick, selfish in Conversation, Waspish in Argument or Debate, Perverse in Business, Excentrick in your Motions, and true to no Principle; You are observed not to walk by the Golden rule of *doing as you would be done to*; nor think your selves concerned in that Sacred Precept, of *doing no evill, that good may follow*; *Per fas, aut nefas*, and *Electere si nequeo superos*, &c. are no small part of your Decalogue. Waving therefore the design of convincing your Judgments, as impertinent, if not impossible, give me leave to acquaint you, That the Nation hath, hitherto, seen little of you to enamour them; That the most Extravagant of *Settaries* are more grateful to us, then you, in regard they allow others the same freedom, they arrogate to themselves; That the Discipline of *Geneva* is every where censured, as a *Government*, by *Princes* justly suspected and feared, by *Nobility* scorned, and by the *People of England*, loathed; That it will never be settled here, by *fair means*, nor surely, I hope, by *foul*, or if it be, it must come, like *Mahomet*, with a *Turkish Cimitar* in its hand,
and

and *desolation* at its heels: You may, therefore, do well, for our sakes, and your own, to desist from so hopeless a pursuit, and content your selves with the *Liberty* of *Christians*, and *Englishmen*, without contending for a *Dominion*, so distastefull to all, but your selves; However, I beseech you, refrain your factious and unworthy Arts, in spreading and fomenting those *Calumnies*, which your selves know to have no other ground then the *Jealousy* of a few *Malecontents*, no deeper root, then the *Tavern*, nor any Reputation, but what you delight to give them, and which would vanish of their own accord, like froth, or bubbles, if you were not as ready to uphold, as industrious to propagate discord; as the indiscreetest *Cavaliers* are apt, (and alas, too apt they are) to vent their follies.

Finally, you Church-men, whether of the *Classicall* or *Episcopall* Judgement, Remember, you are Ministers of the *Gospel*, not of the *State*: For which purpose, our Pious Lawes have provided you a peculiar Maintenance, to depend on no man, have both Sequestred you from Publick Offices, and exempted you from Civil Duties: Thrust not then your Sickles into any other Harvest; Act not the parts of News-mongers and Politicians; wherein, as your Errors are of themselves Presumptuous, to the People most Contagious, so your best Abilities favour of Imperitency, Ostentation, and a worldly minde: What say your Adversaries? You, no question, struck the first stroak; for our *Statesmen* turned not *Preachers*, till our *Preachers* turn'd *Statesmen*. It

is, surely, high time, you redeem the Credit, you have lost, whether as *Evangelists*, *Christians*, or *good Citizens*; and stop their mouths, who have too much colour to Object, That your *Blessings* and *Curses* are like those of *Balaam*; and that, indeed, you deliver not *Christs Ordinances*, but your *own Passions*; wherein, though, perhaps, you may not always ere in the *Main*, yet, commonly, you transgress, in the *measure*. I could much have enlarged upon these Subjects, but this, I hope, may suffice, if it be read with the same *spirit*, where with it is written.

THE END.
